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# Oh! If I had Someone to Rub Me

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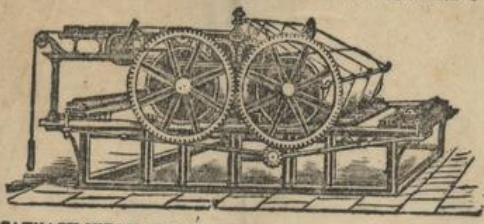
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CATNACH STEAM PRESS (Est. 1813). W. S. FORTEY, Proprietor.

## THE Indian Lass.

As I was walking on a far distant shore,  
I called at an ale-house to spend half-an-hour;  
As I sat smoking, beside me a glass,  
By chance there came in a young Indian lass.

She sat down beside me and squeez'd my hand,  
She said you're a stranger, not one of this land;  
I have fine lodgings, if with me you'll stay,  
My portion you shall have without more delay.

With a glass of good liquor she welcomed me  
away,

Kind sir, you are welcome to have anything you  
say,

But as I embraced her, this was her lovely tone,  
You are a poor sailor and far from your home.

We toss'd and we tumbled in each others arms,  
And all that long night I embraced her sweet  
charms,

With rural enjoyment the time passed away,  
I did not go to leave her till nine the next day.

This lovely young Indian on the place where she  
stood,

I viewed her sweet features and found they were  
good;

She was neat, tall and handsome, her age was  
sixteen,

She was born and brought up in a place near  
Orleans.

The day was appointed he was going away,  
All on the wide ocean to leave her to stay,  
She says when you are o'er in your own native  
land,

Remember the Indian that squeez'd your hand.

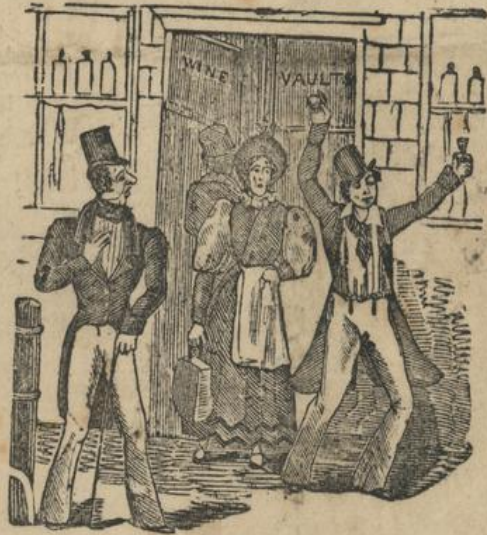
Early next morning we were going to sail,  
This lovely young Indian on the beach did be-  
wail;

I took off my handkerchief and wiped her eyes,  
Do not go and leave me, my sailor, she cries.

We weighed our anchor, away then we flew,  
With a sweet and pleasant breeze, and parted  
from her view;

But now I am over, and taking my glass,  
So here's a health to the young Indian lass.

## OH! IF I HAD SOME ONE TO RUB ME



Written by L. M. Thornton.

Oh! if I had some one to rub me,  
These rheumatic pains to dispel,  
To warm with an exquisite friction,  
I think I in time should get well.  
Some lovely and blooming young  
creature,

With heart just as soft as her hand,  
With a heavenly smile in each feature,  
And power and will at command.

Oh! if I had, &c.

Oh! if I had some one to rub me,  
Ye fair ones, now what do you say?  
Depend on when I get better,  
Your kindness and toil I'll repay.  
I'll do every caper to measure,  
Each difficult caper hasten through,  
And really my sweet ascinator  
I cannot say what I would do.

Oh! if I had &c.

